Master Negative Storage Number

OCI00040.18

MICROFILMED 1994

CLEVELAND PUBLIC LIBRARY
PRESERVATION OFFICE
CLEVELAND, OH 44110-4006

GREAT COLLECTIONS
MICROFILMING PROJECT,
PHASE IV.

THE RESEARCH LIBRARIES
GROUP, INC.

Funded in part by the
NATIONAL ENDOWMENT
FOR THE HUMANITIES

Reproductions may not be made without
permission from the Cleveland Public Library

The Universal comic songster

Otley [England]

[18--]

Reel: 40 Title: 18

BIBLIOGRAPHIC RECORD TARGET
PRESERVATION OFFICE
CLEVELAND PUBLIC LIBRARY

RLG GREAT COLLECTIONS
MICROFILMING PROJECT, PHASE IV
JOHN G. WHITE CHAPBOOK COLLECTION
Master Negative Storage Number: OC100040.18

Control Number: ADG-3624
OCLC Number : 23262925
Call Number : W PN970.E5 UNIVCx
Title : The Universal comic songster : containing a choice selection of the best English, Irish & American songs.
Imprint : Otley [England] : Printed and published by W. Walker, [18--]
Format : 12 p. ; 19 cm.
Note : Cover title.
Note : Running title: Comic songs.
Note : Without music.
Subject : Chapbooks, English.
Subject : Humorous songs.
Added Entry : Walker, W.

MICROFILMED BY
PRESERVATION RESOURCES (BETHLEHEM, PA)
On behalf of the
Preservation Office, Cleveland Public Library
Cleveland, Ohio, USA
Film Size: 35mm microfilm
Image Placement: IIB
Reduction Ratio: 8:1
Date filming began: 9-1-94
Camera Operator: CS

THE

UNIVERSAL

Comic Songster:

CONTAINING A CHOICE SELECTION OF THE BEST

English, Irish & American Songs.

CONTENTS.

1—My Master's Gun.
2—I vos handsome.
3—The Musical Barber.
4—Analization.
5—Paddy out of hearing.
6—The Hive of Bees.
7—You don't exactly suit me.
8—Paddy from Cork.
9—The Nice Young Gal.
10—Single Young Man Lodger.
11—Clar de Kitchen.
12—The Father of the Dustman.
13—Billy O'Rouke's the Boy, Sir.
14—Now, Isn't it a pity.
15—The Blacksmith.
16—A Batch of Benefits.
17—The Back and the Belly.
18—Private Information.
19—John Bull.
20—Taking Tea in the Arbor.
21—Rory O'Rouke's Description of Presumption.
22—The Irishman in England.
23—The Beautiful Maid.
24—The Humours of an Irish Fair.
25—My Old Aunt Sally.
26—Dandy Jim of Carolina.
27—Oh! a Petticoat Honey.
28—Love and Folly.

OTLEY:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM WALKER.

And sold Wholesale by him on the most Liberal Terms.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

white PN970.E5 UNIYC x

COMIC SONGS.

MY MASTER'S GUN!

TUNE—*My daughter Fan.*

I'm a 'prentice boy, my name is Bob—
The tale I've oft related—
They bound me to a dirty snob,
A trade I always hated.
The lapstone I did daily shun,
The sight of a stirrup alarm'd me,
So off I run with my Master's Gun,
To enlist in the Spanish Army.
With my master's gun,
I fought my way to glory.

Some balls of wax, with hemp and tacks,
I thought would be requir'd
To give our foes some precious whacks,
When all the shots were fir'd.
In battle I did mock their tricks,
And when they thought of beating,
I fired my wax against their backs,
And sent them all retreating,
With master's, &c.

Then off they run like hounds in packs,
But quick we did entail them—
Instead of wax I fir'd my tacks,
'Till all of a bunch I nail'd them.
Then I took out my hemp so fine,
That was in my knapsack hoarded:
Among their troops I did it entwine,
Which now you will find recorded.
With master's, &c.

General Evans came up to me—
Said he, 'Bob, show no quarter;
You're a valiant youth, I plainly see,
And you shall marry my daughter.'
Said I, the fight will soon be done,
Their ramparts then I dash'd on,
And with this gun the battle won,
At the siege of St. Sebastian!
With master's, &c.

At legs and arms I fir'd away,
And some of their nobs I twisted;
Thinks I, I'll make them rue the day,
That a 'prentice boy enlisted,
And soon I brought their colours down,
Which caus'd a great attraction;
And did my head with glory crown,
What a glorious satisfaction!
With master's, &c.

You'll hear of my fame, where'er you walk,
In songs and magazines, too;
And shall for ever be the talk,
Of soldiers and marines too;
I'll say, before I make my bow,
Though perhaps you may laugh hearty—
I'm called by all the Spaniards now,
The British *Bonapartey*.
With master's, &c.

I VOS HANDSOME.

A Parody on 'I remember.'

I remember, I remember,
When I was only just so high,
When I used to whack my mother
'Cos she made me squall and cry.
Then I us'd to get such treats, sirs,
Of hardbake and all that ere—
But these moments ar'n't so sweet sirs,
As them ere moments vere.
I remember, &c.

Then to school, sirs—then to school sirs—
Werry slow I used to lag;
And was stuck upon a stool, sirs,
'Cos I often play'd the vag!
Sprees at night, sirs—sprees at night, sirs,
To me are getting rare;
I've turn'd Reformer quite sirs,
Don't you think it's time I vere?
I remember, &c.

I vos handsome, I vos handsome,
Vhen Sal Vilkins us'd to stroll
Vith me through the fields for daisies,
And among the hay to roll.
Now I'm married, now I'm married,
And I've got a pigeon pair;
Oh! I wishes I had tarried,
I should had some browns to spare.

THE MUSICAL BARBER.

Tune—"Miss Lucy Long."

I've come at last before you,
My betters, as I ought;
But do not call me *naughty*,
For I do not sing by *note*.
So lather away, my hearty,
While I sing you another song;
To stop a singing barber
Is most barbarously wrong,

I've sung to youth and beauty,
Till the hair has curl'd alone;
And e'en while whetting razors
I've made my voice my *hone*.
So lather away, &c.

The gents, who oft come quizzing me,
Request an *air* (the elves!)
But while I'm taking off their hair,
I'm taking off themselves.
So lather away, &c.

I went one day to *Matthews'*,
And great success was mine;
For singing whining ditties
They gave me good old wine.
So lather away, &c.

Without a hat into *Hatton's*,
I've many a time slipp'd in,
And ever with my lungs of *brass*
Have got me lots of *tin*.
So lather away, &c,

I've feasted at the *Mitre*,
Got drunk with *Mr Mann*,
Had bacon steaks at *Billy Moore's*,
And roast *goose* at the *Swan*.
So lather away, &c.

Altho' I am no journeyman,
A journey gull'd to take,
I found myself like fiddling George,
In an *unusual scrape*.
So lather away, &c.

Altho' for Peel and politics
I do not care a fig,
Yet, like a barber of some taste,
I venerate a *wig*.
So lather away, &c.

Now farewell every one of you,
Come and see me, ev'ry soul;
You'll find a *warm* reception,
Though I live at the *Pole*.
So lather away, &c.

ANALIZATION.

What are mortals made of?—
By analization
I've tried all the nation,
Defined each gradation,
And proved every station,
With Sir Humphrey's best
New chemical test,
And found what mortals are made of!

What are our dandies made of?
Of whiskers and snuff,
Of padding and puff—
A glass to the eye
When a pretty girl's nigh—
Sham collar, false calves, hair,
Stays tight-laced—a head like a bear,—
And such are our dandies made of!

What are our fiddlers made of?—
Of crotchets and quavers,
And great people's favours;
Cat-gut to tease—
Horse-hair to please
Gamut and resin, airs and fine graces,
Flats and sharps, and lots of grimaces,
And such are our fiddlers made of!

What are our doctors made of?—
A fee and a cane,
"Must visit again,"
Rhubarb and manna—
Ipecacuanha;
Powders, draughts, lotions, and pills,
Patients, pulses, and precious long bills;—
And such are our doctors made of!

What are our old bachelors made of?—
Of bread and cheese,
And very weak knees;
Drivelling nose—
Rheumatic in toes;
Hoarded riches, and landed estate,
Worn-out small, and a very bald pate;
And such are old bachelors made of!

What are our soldiers made of?
Scarlet and lace,
And a brazen face:
Pipe-clay and drill,
The foemen to kill;
Alehouse scores, trumpet and drums,
Oaths and scars, and bullets and bombs;
And such are our soldiers made of!

What are our sailors made of?—
Of pitch and tar,
Pigtail and scar;
Powder and smoke,
And hearts of oak;
Lots of prize-money, and cash galore,
A fiddler, grog, and sweetheart on shore;
And such are our sailors made of!

What are young ladies made of?—
Of concerts and dances—
Scantified glances;
Dresses and bonnets—
Ribbons and sonnets;
Boarding-school graces—
Flounces and laces,
And sweet pretty faces,
When kept in their places;—
And such are young ladies made of!

What are our actors made of?—
Of masquerade speeches,
And other men's breeches,
Ranting and raillery,
Box, pit, and gallery;
Plenty of friends on a benefit night,
And lots of applause whene'er they act right.
And such are our actors made of!

PADDY OUT OF HEARING.

One rainy day, Och! I got wet,
Outside and in to boot,
And Och! that night like growing wheat,
My ears began to shoot.
Sure soon as deaf as flint was I
And wretched fears endur'd,
For like an unborn pig I thought
I nivir could be *cur'd*,
For like an unborn pig, I thought
I nivir could be *cur'd*.

I saw sweet Judy screw her phiz,
'Och! sad,' says I, 'your fate is,'
For I could hear no voice, but s'posed
She'd burnt her mouth wid p'ratees!
'You block!' she bawl'd, 'I'll lave you now!
Your blind ear's all a prank!
I'll court Tim Moore, the soldier bould,
For he's a man of *rank!*'
I'll court Tim Moore, &c.

'Don't be so hard,' says I, 'my dear,
Nor treat me wid such jeering:
Sure though I'm deaf, you'd not condemn
A man *widout a hearing!*'
'Begone, you wooden stone!' she scream'd;
A soldier bould I'll try,
And if Tim Moore won't do, I've got
A corporal in my eye!'
And if Tim Moore, &c.

'Then, 'kase a *Corporal's* in your eye,
You're proud!' says I, 'my dear,'
What will you be, when you've, like me,
A *Kernal* in your ear?'
'Twas all in vain! she turn'd me off!
And filled wid wounds and smarts,
Ould Ireland broke my heart to bits,
And so 'I left them *parts!*'
Ould Ireland broke, &c.

And here I am, and that's the truth,
As deaf as deaf can be;
Och! I'm so out of hearing now,
That faith I scarce can see.

Before me as a mighty crowd,
Of people, quite a host,
Not one I know, for sure I am,
As deaf as any post;
Not one I know, &c.

THE HIVE OF BEES.

Air—"Dicky Birds."

Good friends, you've sought a song from me,
I'll try at something new,
And if it will not please you all,
It sure will suit a few.
And though my words may sharply *sting*,
It is my wish to please,
And scatter round me ev'ry sweet
I've gather'd from my BEES. [please,
So listen while I sing, and I'll try my best to
And honestly divide the spoil I've gather'd
from my BEES.

BE sober and BE vigilant,
Your hopes will then increase,
BE drunken and neglectful,
Your prospects will decrease;
BE charity your motto, and
The poor will bless your name,
BE careful ne'er to leave a blot,
To hurt your future fame.
So listen, &c.

BE wise in all your words and works,
You cannot then BE vain,
BE always scrupulous to touch
Where vice hath left a stain.
BE thankful and BE satisfied,
Whate'er your lot in life,
And BE assured your days will then
BE ever free from strife.
So listen, &c.

BE careful all you single men,
Whene'er you choose a mate,
BE sure that she is fitting for
The matrimonial state.
BE affectionate and kind to her,
BE sure she'll BE the same;
BE faithless to her, she'll be false,
And can she be to blame?
So listen, &c.

BE prudent, all you ladies fair,
And whether maid or wife,
BE sure you have a partner that
Will guard your future life.
BE honest and be true to him,
Your faith you then will prove,
BE always kind and watchful of
The pledges of your love.
So listen, &c.

BE careful if a quarrel rise,
With either friend or foe,
BE watchful—never give offence,
BE sure ne'er strike a blow.
BE calm—be patient—use mild words,
It will all wrath appease;
Such conduct cannot sure do less,
Than set each mind at ease.
So listen, &c.

BE sure affliction's chastening hand,
But proves to us a balm.
BE tranquil under sickness for
Our minds should all be calm;
BE cheerful though your bitter cup
Of sorrows should o'erflow;
And be prepared when you are called,
To leave this vale of woe.
So listen, &c.

BE not too anxious e'er to learn
Your neighbours small affairs;
BE sure your own will prove enough,
Ne'er meddle then with theirs.
BE guided by these maxims—they
Are only formed to please,
And you'll acknowledge *honey'd sweets*,
Are gather'd from my BEES.

Now I've *hived* up all my *sweets*, and
done my best to please,
And trust you are delighted with my
little *swarm* of *Bees*.

YOU DON'T EXACTLY SUIT ME.

A youth to me a wooing came,
For pity did implore me,
And hoped I ne'er could slight or blame
The lad that must adore me.
I liked him much, but hid my plan,
To see how he'd repute me,
So, frowning cried, "don't tease young man,
You don't exactly suit me."

He seem'd confounded, vex'd—he stared—
Then vow'd he'd ne'er deceive me;
Says I, "Your presence can be spared;
Sir, if you please, do leave me."
"To leave you, love, I never can,
I swear by all your beauty;" [man,
"Now pray," says I, "don't tease young
You don't exactly suit me."

He started, sigh'd hung down his head,
Which prov'd I'd fairly caught him;
"Oh haste, my love, to church," he said,
You see to what I'd brought him.
"Dear sir," says I, "if that's my fate,
To wed's a woman's duty;
Let's fly, or we shall be too late,
You now exactly suit me."

PADDY FROM CORK.

Dublin's a duck of a city,
'Tis built as you go to Rathfarnham,
Limerick gloves are so pretty,
That Limerick lasses they darn 'em;
At Belfast they sell ready-made pork,
If they meet a mad bull they don't mind
him—
I there met mad Paddy from Cork,
Who buttoned his coat behind him!

Irishmen love the sod,,
Whiskey will bother the tooth-ache,
And love, tho; it sounds mighty odd;
Makes the hearts of the spalpeens in
truth ache;

Shelah's mother cried, "girl never talk
Of that ugly pawdeen, but pray mind him;
There's mischief in Paddy from Cork,
When he buttons his coat behind him!"

Now pat of good looks didn't lack,
And his tongue it was tipt with the blarney,
Yet he hadn't a brogue to his back,
(Except two on his feet) from Killarney;
Upper leather, of wood, didn't balk,
He steps when a jig so inclin'd him—
Like a devil danced Paddy from Cork,
When his coat it was buttoned behind him.

At Ballanahinch on fair days,
When he threw down his modest shellaley,
Devil's cure to the soul, that said—peace,
He'd got Eringobrallagland gaily;
For hay or rump-steaks he'd a fork,
Work or meat to no limit confined him—
Such an avourneen was Paddy from Cork,
When his coat it was buttoned behind him!

Pat spoke to his reverence—the priest,
Mistress Hogan grew vastly unruly,
And swore to kill all three at least,
Shelah, Paddy and Father O'Dooley;
Then Pat set the noggins to work,
And Shelah, she swore that she'd blind him—
Then to church she led Paddy from Cork,
In the coat that was buttoned behind him.

THE NICE YOUNG GAL.

Blow on ye winds and crack your cheeks,
But don't blow me away;
For since I've met with fortune's freaks
I now will sing my lay:
Then you must know I fell in love
With one whose name was Sal,
She loved me in return, by Jove,
She was a nice young gal.
Tol, lol, &c.

Her eyes they were as black as sloes;
Her mouth was rather wide;
Five inches long her little nose,
With a lump upon its side:
Her teeth they were like ivory white,
Forget 'em I ne'er shall,
For once she did my finger bite—
She was a nice young gal.
Tol, lol, &c.

She used to dress so very chaste,
Short sleeves to show her muscle,
And only two yards round the waist,
With lots of natural bustle:
In pink strip'd frock and pea-green boots,
And when we walk'd up Pall Mall,
Folks gazed upon our separate suits,
And said,—what a nice young gal.
Tol, lol, &c.

She had such a pleasant appetite,
To please her I was willing,
So fast she put things out of sight,
I soon spent my last shilling:
If a handsome gown-piece caught her eye
'Twas—buy it for me, Hal;
Of course, I straightway did comply,—
She was such a nice young gal.
Tol, lol, &c.

Now comes the end of all my woe,
One day she was taken ill,
Then to her house I straight did go,
I recollect it still;
The door was open'd, in I went,
Forget it I ne'er shall,
I soon found what illness meant,
She'd got a little gal!
Tol, lol, &c.

Oh, Sal, why what a cheat you be,
No more you shall me wheedle,
For 'pon my word it wasn't me,
And so I'll tell the beadle.
My peace of mind is broken quite,
I be content ne'er shall,
Unless I should meet here to night,
Another nice young gal.
Tol, lol, &c.

SINGLE YOUNG MAN LODGER.

I was by trade a snob,
And for myself turned master,
So quick I did each job,
Few could earn money faster;
I had some room to let,
So my wife (a funny dodger)
Said—"Love we'd better get,
A single young man lodger."
Tooral, &c.

A bill did soon appear,
Which some afforded fun for,
A gentleman may here,
Be taken in, and done for,
An applicant we had,
A chap whose name was Roger,
Who forthwith said he'd be
Our single young man lodger.
Tooral, &c.

I thought of course he'd pay,
For he wore decent raiment,
But two months pass'd away,
And still there was no payment.
He came there but to dwell,
But bless me if the dodger,
Didn't always board as well,
This single young man lodger.
Tooral, &c.

At dinner, supper, tea,
The time exact he heeded,
For in our room he'd be,
To do, he said, as we did.
And when with us he'd dine,
Tho' but a thin spare dodger,
He'd eat enough for nine,
This single young man lodger.
Tooral, &c.

From me, my cash, egad,
My spousy used to steal him,
And when his boots were bad,
She made me sole and heel 'em.
If I ask'd for a bob,
He'd give me such a podger,

And say, get out, you snob,
Nor dare insult your lodger.
Tooral, &c.

From my wedding-day five years,
My toil had been incessant,
We were without those dears,
That make one's marriage pleasant;
When all at once she had,
Two puking little dodgers,
One eye was mine, he had;
But 'tother was the lodger's.
Tooral, &c.

That cause for jealousy
I got, I saw from this chap's tone,
The child was as like me,
As a paste horn's like a lapstone.
One morn ere break of day,
I lost this artful dodger,
For she had run away
With this ere single lodger.
Tooral, &c.

My furnished room he stript,
Which gave me quite the rickets;
He pledged my goods, and left,
From gratitude, the tickets,
So each snob who'd be wise,
And your wife in safety lodge her,
Oh, never advertise
For a single young man lodger.
Tooral, &c.

CLAR DE KITCHEN.

In old Kentuck in de afternoon,
We sweep de kitchen wid a bran new broom,
And after dat we form a ring;
And dis is de song dat we do sing,
Clare de kitchen, old folks, young folks,
Clare de kitchen, old folks, young folks,
Old Wurginy neber tire.

I cum to a creek and couldn't get across,
So I gib two dollars for a Canada horse,
I hitched dis horse to a poplar limb,
And he begin to cut de pigeon wing,
So clar de kitchen, &c.

A jay bird sat on a hichory limb,
He wink'd at me, and I wink'd at him,
I up wid a stone, an I hit him on de shin
And dat's de way I suck'd him in.
So clar de kitchen, &c.

A bull frog dress'd in soldier's clothes,
Went into de corn-field to drill some crows,
His first lieutenant was a wood-chuck,
Whe had more metal than Col. Pluck.
So clar de kitchen, &c.

I hab sweetheart in dis town,
Who dresses in a green silk gown,
As she walks de street all round,
De hollo ob her foot make a great hole in de ground.
So clar de kitchen, &c.

Lub is a ticklish thing you know,
It make de fair sex feel all ober so,
Dere's squash-head Sambo, who lubs black Rose,
Wants to cum possum ober Dinah I spose.
So clar de kitchen, &c.

One day as I walked in Lumber street,
My lubly Dinah, I did meet,
I wink'd, she blush'd like a bag of soot,
Roll'd de white ob her eye and gib a great strut.
So clar de kitchen, &c.

Dis lubly creature one day I did see,
Drinking a julep sangaree,
And seated on a tater hill,
Eating up a whip-poor-will.
Now clar de kitchen, &c.

THE FATHER OF THE DUSTMAN.

Now every von is striving hard
In life to hold a station,
His hist'ry to record, a bard
Feels wondrous hinclination;
There's Adam Bell and Polis, too,
My sons have gained much credit,
Then sure the father ought to share
A portion of the merit.

My sons, no doubt, you may admire,
But yet I think you'd rather
See vun in life vat stands much higher,
The man vat is their father.

I heddicated, brought 'em up,
And sent 'em both to school, sirs;
In that at least you can but own
I did not hact the fool sirs;
For heddication's now so high,
And such's the rage for knowledge,
Vun's quiss'd by every puppy eye
Unless vun's been to college.
My sons, &c.

I made my sons complete *au fait*
In every kind of study;
Apollo soon could say his say;
But Adam's head was muddy:
So I was forced to take a stake,
Which made me rather crusty,
His wooden nob I half did break
'Fore he would learn hindustry.
My sons, &c.

Apollo now the Muses woo'd,
Made warses by the dozen;
He soon the Poets understood,
And wrote stanzas to his cousin;
He studied Latin every day,
And read the Dictionary;
On the pianer he could play
Jim Crow and Paddy Carey.
My sons, &c.

Such rapid strides Apollo made,
His mother grew delighted;
His brother fell into the shade,
And stood like one affrighted;
For Adam lov'd too much his play,
He wasn't one to trust to;
He loiter'd idle all the day,
While 'Pollo sack'd the dust O!

Well, both grew up, and now they hold
In life a tidy station;
To say it tho' I must make bold,
'Tis thro' their heddication;
But I must not forget to name,
How I employ my time, sirs;
I know my manners arn't to blame,
They really are sublime sirs;
My sons, &c.

My calling praps your narves may shake,
Yet actin' vith discretion;
My fame *cut up*, vill be at *stake*,
If I don't name my perfession;
By trade a butcher, and by look
Some say I am a glutton;
I knows I lives by *hook* and *crook*,
Midst oxen, pigs, and mutton.
My sons, &c.

I keeps a splendid racing stud,
'Acos its fashionable;
My nags are all true bits o' blood,
And trained in Chifney's stable;
I rides a fine light chesnut oss,
Venever there's fox chases;
I has a pond a yard across,
Vot's full of roach and daces.
My sons, &c.

I 'tends the court jist vunce a veek,
The day they holds a levee;
At public meetings I does speak,
And takes my young 'uns vith me;
I takes 'em often to the peers,
To hear the moves in politics;
I show 'em dancing dogs and bears,
And many other jolly tricks.
My sons, &c.

I've been to 'Merica to see,
How things is cross the ocean,
And as I've been to *sea* of course
I has a *seeing* notion;
The Yankees are all odds and ends,
With fightin' too quite fluster'd;
A little *hot* among themselves,
Through tasting *Durham Mustard*.
My sons, &c.

I hears a Hoxford Street is pav'd
Vith stuff they do asphalta call;
Some tells me it's *consarvative*,
But others say its *radical*;
No matter which—its something new,
And new things you well trust can;
Then let me hope you won't refuse,
The Father to the Dustman.
I've told my life and pedigree,
My *memoirs* you all trust can,
For all the world knows me to be,
The Father to the Dustman.

BILLY O'ROUKE.

I greased my brogues, and cut my stick,
At the latter end of May sir,
And off for England I set out,
To sail upon the sea sir;
Then next to London I set out,
To reap the hay and corn, sir,
To leave old Ireland far behind,
The place where I was born sir.
With my shillimah coo,
And my heart so true,
Oh! Billy O'Rouke's the boy, sir.

I paid the captain six thirteens,
To carry me over to Pargate;
Before we got half over the waves,
It blew at a deuce of a hard rate;
The great big stick that grew out the ship,
Began to roar and whistle,
And the sailors all both great and small,
Cries, Pat, you will go to the devil.
With my, &c.

Some fell on their bended knees,
The ladies fell fainting;
But I fell to my bread and cheese,
For I always mind the main thing.
Says the sailors, to the bottom you go,
Says I, we don't care a farthing.
For I paid my passage to Pargate you know,
And I shall make you all stick to your bargain.
With my, &c.

The wind did whistle some asleep,
Till we got to the place of landing,
And those that were the most afraid,
Were out the ladies handing.
Says I, your clothes feel mighty droll,
You surely must have riches, [part,
And for your heart it don't lay in the right
It surely must lay in your breeches.
With my, &c.

Then for London I set out,
And going along the road, sir,
I met with an honest gentleman,
Who prov'd to be a rogue sir,
He cock'd a pistol to my breast,
Close to my very mouth, sir,
Saying, Paddy my boy, I'd have ye be smart.
In handing out your money, sir,
With my, &c.

O, have you patience, honest gentleman,
And hear me speak a word, sir,
For two-pence is all the money I've got,
To carry me many a mile, sir.
He said he would no longer wait,
His patience I had fairly tir'd;
His pan it flash'd, his brains I smash'd,
With my shillalah that never miss'd fire.
With my &c.

NOW, ISN'T IT A PITY.

I love a lad, handsome lad
And love him, too sincerely;
He play'd a part that won my heart,
And vow'd to love me dearly;
But aunt, consent she will deny,
Indeed it's very pretty,
And I'm so vex'd that I could cry;
Now isn't it a pity?

My cruel aunt will jeer and taunt,
And cry young girls should tarry,

Because she yet could never get
A man in mind to marry.
It's downright spite, you can't deny,
Indeed it's very pretty;
And you may laugh, but I could cry,
Now isn't it a pity?

THE BLACKSMITH.

A blacksmith, you'll own, is so clever,
And great in the world is his place;
And the reason I've guessed, why for ever
A blacksmith's deserving of grace.
Great lawyers, who plead and who preach,
While many good causes they mar,
May yield to the blacksmith to teach,
For he labours still more at the bar.
Sing, fal de ral, &c.

When great men do wrong in the state,
The Commons try hard at their polls,
While the blacksmith, as certain as fate,
Could have 'em hauled over the coals.
And if rogues put their names to a draft,
The law for their hanging will tease;
But blacksmiths are free from all craft,
And may forge just as much as they please.
Sing, fal de ral, &c.

The vices of trades he holds cheap;
And laughs at the world as it rails,
For, spite of the bother they keep,
They can't make a smith eat his nails.
And if, to his praise be it spoke,
To raise him still higher and higher,
You may say, and without any joke,
All he gets is got out of the fire.
Sing, fal de ral, &c.

Then let blacksmiths be toasted all round,
For well it may always be said,
When a fortune by blacksmiths is found,
They must hit the right nail on the head.
No irony now I'm about,
To his metal you'll find him still true,
Since I've hammer'd history out,
I hope 'twill be tempered by you.

A BATCH OF BENEFITS.

'All the world's a stage,' says the poet,
Mankind are all actor-folks too,
And have, observation will show it,
With *benefits* something to do;
Even *bankrupts* are *benefit-tickets*
Of an *act* that will smooth all their rubs;
And you'd take all the town for card-makers,
It abounds so with *benefit-clubs*.
Tol, lol &c.

Tradesmen's cards are but *benefit-tickets*
To lead you to purchase their *stocks*;
But if credit by chance gets the rickets,
Each ticket leads to the wrong *box*.
All callings some *benefit* lean to;
The chandler to *fatten* must *melt*,
The glazier is easily *seen* through,
And the hatter's most certainly *felt*.
Tol, lol, &c.

Who gets better bread than the baker?
In his *steak* too the butcher will put;
And when he *straps too*, the shoemaker,
He will get the length of your foot.
The tailor, by trimming your Jacket,
To his *beef* gets some cabbage may hap;
While the publican, with all his racket,
Has a *benefit* always on *tap*.
Tol, lol, &c

The doctor to *benefit* bodies,
To death physics, phthisicky elves,
While the lawyers get hold of Tom Noddies,
And *benefit* none but themselves;
The miller of grist will retrench men,
The grazier depends upon growth,
And the farmer's like one of your Frenchmen,
A good *thrashing* best *benefits* both.
Tol, lol, &c.

THE BACK AND THE BELLY.

A story I'm going to tell ye,
Which if you'll attend to, you'll hear in a crack,
'Tis about a man's hungry belly
Conversing along with his back;
Says the belly, 'here I have been fasting,
For twenty-four hours and more,
And if this fun is to be lasting,
Mr Death will soon open his door.'

Says the back, 'you your appetites doat on,
You're satisfied never I really do think,
Don't you see that I've got a new coat on,
You can't expect victuals and drink
I must make a genteel appearance,
'Tis of no use your being hot,
For the pocket has had such a clearance,
There's nothing for you in the pot.'

Says the belly, 'why you have no feeling,
While at your new coat all the people may stare,
My rumblings are loudly revealing
There's nothing within me but air;
You may set it down really as done, sir,
If I don't have some boiled meat or roast,
Both of us, as sure as a gun, sir,
Must certainly give up the ghost.'

But the back thought there was no need on't,
And cared not a fig for what the belly did say,
And the effect of his taking no heed on't,
Was that both of them went to decay;
Mr Death's name was soon plainly wrote on,
He nailed 'em without any rout,
And now, instead of a fine flashy coat on,
They're wrapt in a wooden surtout.

MORAL.

The drift of the story I tell ye,
Is as plain to eyesight as white is from black,
If you don't take care of your belly,
You soon will be laid on your back;
So enjoy yourself in moderation,
Live neither too low nor too high,
And then by a clear calculation,
You'll all of you live till you die.

PRIVATE INFORMATION.

Air—" Alteration."

My name is Scribe, and you all know,
I'm wide awake and scheming;
I look two ways at once—in fact
While many folks are dreaming.
I write to all the Papers—and
Reporter is my station;
The morning papers I supply
With Private Information.

The Royal Nurse this morning wash'd,
The little Prince of Wales,
And held him forth to pa, pa, pa!
But stay I'm telling tales.
And Molly Snooks just now spat on
Her young un's pinafore,
And wip'd its little dirty snout,
While crawling on the floor.

Lord Foozle gave a grand *sore eye—soiree*
His friends invited all;
And to give e'm all a chance to dance,
He made 'em up a *ball*.
Young Swivel went to play a game,
And eager for to win it;
He got a *sore eye* for his pains,
'Cause a cricket *ball* went in it.

The 'Jibeways, those *canabals*,
Once went to see the Queen,
She told 'em such a savage lot,
She ne'er before had seen.
And Mrs. Briggs quite oft blows-up
The work'us boys and girls;
For she tells 'em when they eat so much,
They're perfect *canabals*.

Sir Robert left the House last night,
And one of nature's evils
Had seized him ere he reached his home,
He'd gotten the *Blue Devils!*
And Sukey Sly, the naughty cook,
Whose smiles are call'd bewitching;
Was seen at twelve o'clock at night,
With *Blue Devils* in the kitchen.

Mrs. B. has had her gown let out,
For round her waist she's bigger;
And Mrs. White was out last night;
With a nasty great black nigger.
Not a *box* was to be got, I hear,
At her Majesty's Theatre;
Mrs. Tubbs gave little Joe a *box*,
'Cause he nibbled a baked tater.

A *Fancy Fair* was held to-day,
The ladies were in high trim,
And Dusty Tom came out quite slap,
With his *fancy fair* beside him.
Bill Wiggins got a suit of clothes,
At Moses' crib in Aldgate;
Lord Tom just lost a suit at law,
That he had with Squire Baldpate.

Charlotta Grisi I've been told,
The Polka danced last night, sirs,
The audience rose, *en masse*, and cheer'd,
They were in such delight sirs.
Bill Spriggs, the *Poker* did as well,
But not to stir the fuel;
For he beat his wife too much by half,
And he used her very cruel.

My Budget now is near spun out,
And I'm sure you can't refuse,
To give me hints of any thing
That I may take for news.
The law is *(h)altered* much of late
Respecting heavy crimes;
But I drops in the private bits
You read in *Post* and *Times*.

JOHN BULL.

Air.—*Madam Fig's Gala.*

John Bull is an odd kind of beast,
And much of the grumbler in him;
And yet, when on pleasure he'd feast,
There's nothing like woman can win him.
His head is a map of the world,
That lays down the trade of his story;
And when his proud sails are unfurl'd,
His motto is 'Commerce and glory!'
Rum ti iddity, &c.

His heart is a compound of stuff,
Both generous, surly, and feeling;
And though in his manners but gruff,
Was never to despots found kneeling.
His will like his heart is a token,
When frowns and their miseries press,
His purse in a moment is open,
To wipe off the tears of distress.
Rum ti iddity, &c.

When enemies threaten and rave,
Theres nothing his courage can cow;
And ere he would bend to a slave,
He'd kick up a bit of a row.
His pride is a stout man of war,
His bull dogs the guns that are in it,
And when that a foe shows his paw,
Will blow off his head in a minute!
Rum ti iddity, &c.

Then John is the champion of beauty,
And where ever virtue is found,
To guard it, and prove it's his duty,
His honour and valour is bound!
His soldiers are heroes of spirit,
As many know well to their grief;
The ocean is gem'd with his merit,
For there—he's *commander-in-chief*.
Rum ti iddity, &c.

And then of this bull we may say,
In sharing the world, he goes halves;
And yet in his family way,
The father of not a few *calves!*
But then they are calves of his own,
And John to indulge them is given,
So long as they stand by the throne,
And fight for 'the land that we live in.'
Rum ti iddity, &c.

His laurel is liberty's tree,
And where is the power that can stain it,
While Britons by land and by sea,
Are sworn to a man to maintain it?'
His union is loyalty's band,
A union the world cannot sever,

And with it, he joins heart and hand,
In—'the king and old England for ever!'
Rum ti iddity, &c.

TAKING TEA IN THE ARBOR.

Air.—*Over the water to Charley.*

The day being fine, I went out to dine,
With the dad of sweet Mary Barber;
'After dinner,' said he, I'll invite you to tea
With Mary and me in the arbor.'
There's the garden of flowers, and sweet shady bowers,
All arrang'd by the hand of Miss Barber:
So come Tom with me and just before tea,
We'll smoke a cigar in the arbor!
There's the green shady bowers, and beds of sweet flowers,
Perfum'd like the shop of a barber,
There's roses and posies, to scent your sweet noses,
So come and take tea in the arbor!'
For the smell of a garden, I care not a farden,
But what could I say to Miss Barber?
So I took her fair arm with fear and alarm,
Of insects you meet in an arbor!
As on we did jog, I espied a great frog,
Which jumpt near me and Miss Barber;
I shrieked with affright, she laughed with delight,
'Oh! how I like taking tea in the arbor!'
For there's, &c.
I then took a seat, in this shady retreat,
By the side of sweet Mary Barber,
As I sat then beside her, I saw a great spider,
Which fell in my tea in the arbor.
The cup down I dash'd, I look'd quite abash'd,
On Mary, and old Mr. Barber, [to enjoy,
Says the old man, 'my boy, you seem not
Taking your tea in the arbor!'
For there's, &c.
'I must confess, I cannot now guess,
Why you do not enjoy our sweet arbor;
I had a little conceit, you'd like our retreat,'
'So did I,' says the charming Miss Barber;
The flowers look prime, and the odour is fine,'
I heard a buzzing just then in the arbor;
I look'd up to see, when I felt a queen bee,
Come bang on my nose in the arbor!
For there's, &c.
I was then perplex'd, and Mary seem'd vex'd,
An apology I made to old Barber; [frog,
I was about then to jog, the same rascally
In my pocket did jump, in the arbor;
Away then I went, by no means content,
With the shady retreat of old Barber;
Said I, 'Mary, excuse me,' she couldn't refuse me,
'Tis her alone I should like in an arbor:
For there's, &c.
Indeed it is true, between I and you,
There's a moral attach'd to the arbor;
As the spider doth cling, so the bee it doth sting,
So a false friend beware how you harbour,
If to protect a sweet maid, I should not feel afraid,
Of insects that crawl in the arbor;
Beauty alone hath the powers, to sweeten the hours,
When you take tea in the arbor!
The green shady bowers, and the garden of flowers,
All arrang'd by the hands of Miss Barber;
There may be roses and posies, to scent your sweet noses,
Oh! I hate taking tea in an arbor.

RORY O'ROUKE'S DESCRIPTION OF PRESUMPTION.

In business having failed,
Myself with Prince O'Leary
For London city sailed,
On foot from Tipperary;
But though our fortune's shy,
Our palace off some miles is,
We still live, proud and high,
In a garret near St. Giles's.
Too ral loo ral loo, &c.
Myself, O'Rouke renowned—
(My Christian name is Rory,)
Have fought on *tented* ground—
At many a fair—for glory:
O'Leary's royal blood,
By means of Bridget Brady,
Is mine—as sure as mud,—
And he's my cousin Thady.
Too ral loo ral loo, &c.
The Prince, says he, one day,
(For he had taste and gumption,)
'O'Rouke, there is a play
To-night they call Presumption:
So we'll lay by our hods,
And take our proper station
Up stairs among the gods—
And make a botheration.'
'With all my heart,' says I—
And just to make us frisky,
For fear we should be dry,
We brought galore of whiskey;
And soon the play began,
And then (the Lord preserve us!)
We saw a little man,
Who told us he was narvous.
Too ral loo ral loo, &c.
While we were drinking toasts,
And to our sweethearts' merit,
He talked so much of ghosts,
We offered him some spirits.
His master soon appeared,
A comely man and civil,
But much it's to be fear'd,
He'd dealings with the devil.
Too ral loo ral loo, &c.
The black art was his trade—
From blocks he strove to dig, man,

And laboured till he made
A mighty blue and big man;
The ladies gave a screech,
When first they saw him walking,
But as he ne'er had speech,
We could not hear him talking.
Too ral loo ral loo, &c.

His looks, in ev'ry place,
Were ev'ry one affrighting—
Because—he wash'd his face
With indigo and whiting;
Just like a savage wild,
He roamed through brake and thicket,
And stole a human child,
In short—grew very wicked.
Too ral loo ral loo, &c.

He walked in evil ways,
Unheeding priest or parson—
A house set in a blaze,
Yet ne'er was tried for arson!
But what I thought most hard,
(As I remarked to Thady,)
He shot (the big blackguard,)
A beautiful young lady.
Too ral loo ral loo, &c.

This girl was to have wed
The young and larn'd magician,
Who, when he saw her dead,
Ne'er sent for a physician;
But fired with rage and woe,
He met the imp of evil,
And, under hills of snow,
He laid the big blue devil.
Too ral loo ral loo, &c.

It caused some folks to weep—
Though some cared not a feather—
In snow, like two lost sheep,
That both should die together.
And thus the moral ran,
Sure nobody can doubt it—
'Go, (you who'd make a man,)
Another way about it.'
Too ral loo ral loo, &c.

THE IRISHMAN IN ENGLAND.

When I from dear Ireland first took my leave,
I was told that in England the people believe,
That Irishmen's mouths are with blunders chuck full,
But I wasn't a calf to be cowed by a bull;
For soon I parsaved it was nonsense and stuff,
For in England by Pat, they have bulls enough,
Which I soon on arrival began to remark,
When I landed at Parkgate where there is no park.
Tol de rol, lol de rol, lol de rol, lol de rol tol, de rol, lol, lol, lol, la.

When to London I came to behold all the sport,
I determined to flash and to live at the court,
So in Round-court I lodged, 'tis a bull I declare,
For Round-court I found—was an uncourtly square.
However, on Sunday the very next week,
I went to Hyde-Park, all the fashion to seek
Some water they showed me, of blunders the marrow,
'Twas the Serpentine River as strait as an arrow.
Tol de rol, &c.

Returning, we passed through a street called Pall Mall,
Where some dandy gentleman makes bulls as well;
But in Ireland the smoke comes from fire, but, no joke,
Here in London they get all their light out of smoke;
Then there's Broad-street as narrow as narrow can be,
And Moorfields there are where no *more fields* you'll see;
Golden-square is but built of bricks red and brown,
And Cheapside's the dearest of all sides in town.
Tol de rol, &c.

Then beaux, when their persons they've finished adorning,
Set out about dusk for a walk in the morning;
And the ladies with faces as fresh as a rose,
Are always most dressed when they've on the least clothes.
So I'm happy to catch them in blunders so many,
Where I thought they were seldomer guilty of any;
But to England in friendship, I owe such a debt,
That I'll not make a blunder by leaving it yet.
Tol de rol, &c.

THE BEAUTIFUL MAID.

Air.—*The Beautiful Maid.*

My fishmonger he swore that his soles were most dear;
I trembled to hear what he said;
For salmon and shrimps 'twas the wrong time of year,
So I pitched on a beautiful maid,
I brought home my beautiful maid;
Here cook dress this beautiful maid;
Go boil it—don't spoil it,
But see it well done,
And I'll dine on my beautiful maid.

But an ugly black cat, I speak it with grief,
My delicate tit-bit waylaid,
The cook turned her back, and the long-whiskered theif,
Ran off with my beautiful maid;
She clawed up my beautiful maid,
She swore o'er my beautiful maid,
Oh! pussey, you hussey,
Oh! what have you done,
You've eaten my beautiful maid.

THE HUMOURS OF AN IRISH FAIR.

It's the drop of good whiskey
That makes my heart friskey,
Arrah! down goes the crater, with a tear in my eye,
Shellelagh we'll battle,
On foes heads we'll rattle,
Ding dong on each noddle—for mercy they cry:
Now down they are falling,
On hands and knees crawling,
My Judy cries, 'Bravo! good luck to you, Pat!
Och? faith you're the dandy,
You nick'd em so handy,
You tipp'd Jerry Casey, and down he went flat.'

Spoken.] Yes, by my soul, down he went, sure enough, and when he was down I gave him the devil's own to bring him up again, saying,

Horo buglamy, ditheramy corragi,
Horo buglamy, row de row row.

Now the foe is all scatter'd,
With heads and limbs batter'd,
Whack! goes shellelagh, with joyful huzza;
My rival big Jerry,
In a devil of a hurry,
Frowns on my Judy and then runs away;
Och, the joy that this gave me,
Faith, never will leave me,
I kiss'd my sweet crater, and squeez'd her soft fist;
I'll be my own speaker,
And my own I shall make her,
And be true to my Judy, as the sun to the east—

Spoken.] Aye, by the powers, and if any one insults my darling, I'll take my black thorn in my fist, Judy shall put a stone in her stocking, and we'll go through the fair singing,

Horo buglamy, &c.

Next homeward retiring,
Each sweetheart admiring,
And binding the wounds of each favourite swain;
Recounting the actions
Between the two factions,
And swearing to fight if we meet them again;
Next morning, what pity,
With mournful ditty,
I weep over Jerry for breaking his sconce;
We embrace one another,
Like brother and brother,
The pipers play up and we join in the dance—

Spoken.] Yes, and we're always better friends after beating one another, than ever we were before; and whilst the piper plays, we drown animosity in the real stuff, and sing,

Horo bublamy, &c.

MY OLD AUNT SALLY.

Tune—*The Locomotive Bullgine.*

Gwin down to New Orleans, I gets upon de landin,
Run agin a cotton-bale, to fotch me up a-standin,
Ala-mode-de-duck-soup—de corner ob an alley,
I'll tell you 'bout a scrape I had wid my lubly Sally,
Sally, O Sally! my old Aunt Sally!
I'll tell you 'bout a scrape I had wid my lubly Sally,
Sally, O Sally! my old aunt Sally!
Ra-ree-ri-ro round de corner, Sally.

I ax her—won't you take a ride wid me upon the lebby *(levee,)*
She jump up an crack her heel, an swore dat she was ready;
I neber spoke anoder word—nor shall I gib de reason,
Why I lite on her 'fections for de ballance ob de season.
Season, de season, de ballance ob de season,
Why I lite on her 'fections for de ballance ob de season.

Sally, O Sally, &c.

I hitch de bull before de cart, like a clebber feller,
Hit 'im a cut to make 'im go—de bull begin to beller;
I turn round to look for Sal—I neber shall forget 'em,
Dar I see her makin' tracks across de sandy bottom.
Bottom, de bottom, across de sandy bottom,
Dar I see her makin tracks across de sandy bottom.

Sally, O Sally, &c.

Up de hill and down de dale, didn't seem to mind her;
De bull's tail stuck out behind, as he kept up behind her;
He ran slap agin a stump, and found himself mistaken.
Sal dodge on tudder side, an tried to save her bacon.
Bacon, her bacon, an tried to save her bacon,
Sal dodge on tudder side, an tried to save her bacon.

Sally, O Sally, &c.

Now I want to hab you all pay particular 'tention,
To a circumstantial fact I'm gwine to mention;
I want to hab you all to know—for spunk I isn't a lackin,
'Sept when I'm gwine to hab a fight, an den I wants good backin.
Backin, backin, an den I wants good backin,
'Sept I'm gwine to hab a fight, an den I wants good backin.

Sally, O Sally, &c.

I brace my back agin a stump, de bull he
look so savage;
Sez he, 'old horse, I'll eat you up, jist
like I would a cabbage,'
I saftly creep up to him den (like a nigger
stealin,)
I lites upon him like a pig upon a tater
peelin,
Peelin, de peelin, upon a tater peelin,
I lies upon him like a pig upon a tater
peelin.
Sally, O Sally, &c.

I gib her a peice ob my advice—to hunt
some udder lodgin;
The bull kept gwine round the stump, an
Sally keep a dodging;
She jump a rod or two aside, you orter
seen her bound it,
If de bull ain't broke the stump, he still is
gwine round it.
Round it, round it, he still is gwine
round it,
If de bull ain't broke de stump, he still is
gwine round it.
Sally, O Sally, my old aunt Sally.

DANDY JIM OF CAROLINE.

Dar's dandy nigger in each place,
Wid beef-steak lips dat wink wid grace,
But none among de gals can shine,
Like dandy Jim ob Caroline.
All color'd virgins tell me oh,
I'se de best lookin, nigger in de
country oh;
I look'd in de glass and found it so,
Just as the virgins tell me oh.

I went one ebenin' to de ball,
Wid lips combed out an' wool quite tall;
De ladies' eyes like snow-balls shine,
On dandy Jim ob Caroline.
All color'd virgins tell me, oh, &c.

Dey squat-sied to me an' advance,
To foot it wid me in de dance,
Yet none could tee but Ginger Dine,
Wid dandy Jim ob Caroline.
All color'd virgins tell me oh, &c.

An' when I cut de pigeon wing,
I fan de ceillin' wid my fling;
De ladies all fell in a swine,
For Dandy Jim ob Caroline,
All color'd virgins tell me, oh, &c.

De fiddler he so much admired,
Like 'Ole Bull,' he got ginspired,
An' every note he sawed so fine,
Said, 'Dandy Jim ob Caroline.'
All color'd virgins tell me, oh, &c.

An' when I started to go home,
De ladies sighed and tried to come,
But none could go but Lasses Dine,
Wid Dandy Jim ob Caroline.
All color'd virgins tell me, oh, &c.

Den from my head each gal did pull
A lock ob my fine silken wool;
Dey plat it into letters fine,
Ob Dandy Jim ob Caroline.
All color'd virgins tell me, oh, &c

Next to a concert I did go,
An' soon as I my figger show,
An' ebery singer change each line,
To dandy Jim ob Caroline.
All color'd virgins tell me, oh, &c.

Oh, music it hab charms all know,
But beauty 'clipses all below,
For de people turn from strains so fine,
To dandy Jim ob Caroline.
All color'd vingins tell me, oh, &c.

Dey say dat beauty's but skin deep,
My skin's so thick 'twill always keep,
And till I die, il'l sing and shine,
The dandy Jim ob Caroline.
All color'd virgins tell me, oh, &c.

OH, A PETTICOAT HONEY.

Oh, a petticoat Honey's an Irishman's joy,
Go where he will his time merrily passes:
Search the world over, sure Paddy's the boy.
For banging the men, and kissing the
lasses.
And if you but get a red coat to your back,
In Russia, in Prussia, in France, or in
Flanders,
All the pretty ma'amselles have a mighty
neat knack,
Of cocking their chins at both men and
commanders,
Then heigh for the petticoat—that is my
joy,
Go where I will, my time merrily passes;
Search the world over sure Paddy's the boy,
For banging the men and kissing the
lasses.

When sweet Kitty Corner pierc'd me thro'
the heart,
And chose Teddy Blarney, a big man of
honour,
One moon-shiny night to give ease to my
smart,
I kick'd Mr. Blarney, and kiss'd Mrs.
Connor.
And the little plump god, for his mother
knew what,
Was the son of old Mars, or he'd never
alarm ye,
And if he'd be growing as tall as he's fat,
You'd see Master Cupid brought up to
the army.
Then heigh for the petticoat, &c.

LOVE AND FOLLY.

Love and Folly were at play,
Both too wanton to be wise,
They fell out and in the fray,
Folly put out Cupid's eyes.
Straight the criminal was tried,
And had this punishment assign'd,
Folly should to Love be tied,
And condemn'd to lead the blind.

Important to all who value Good Health and Long Life.

THE GREATEST WONDERS IN MEDICINE

HAVE BEEN WROUGHT BY

WALKER'S

CHINESE PILLS.

These Pills are prepared from the purest Materials derived from the Vegetable Kingdom, collected by an eminent Botanist, at the proper Seasons, and are compounded by a scientific Chemist, in strict accordance with the Recipe brought from China, by Dr. Howard, in the year 1813. During the last Eleven Years, Thousands who had in vain sought Relief from Doctors, paying large Bills for nothing, have found lasting Benefit from WALKER'S CHINESE PILLS, and have given written Testimonials of their Great Worth in Relieving and Curing Diseases of the most inveterate description. These Pills are mild and gentle in their operation, and may be taken at all Seasons of the year by Young and Old of the most delicate Constitutions, with certain confidence that they will prove beneficial. Before trying any other Medicine, try one small box of WALKER'S CHINESE PILLS, which marvellously Purify the Blood, and afford certain Relief in the following Diseases. Bilious Complaints, Blotches on the Skin, the Scurvy, and Scrofula, Abscesses, Swelled Legs, and Boils, Sick Head-Ache, and Indigestion, Pains in the Back and Loins, Female Irregularities, Lumbago, and Rheumatism, Jaundice and Sallow Complexion, Rheumatism and Gout, Bowel Complaints.

By gently removing all Impurities of the Blood.

THESE PILLS RESTORE

Health, Cheerfulness, and Beauty.

Sold at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. a box by at least one Agent in every town in Great Britain, and by the Wholesale Houses in York and London.

Those who make WALKER'S CHINESE PILLS their FAMILY MEDICINE, as Hundreds of Thousands have done, will find a Saving of Seven Pence Halfpenny in purchasing a Large Box, which contains the quantity of three small boxes.

The name of the Proprietor, WILLIAM WALKER, of Otley, Printer, and Wholesale Bookseller, is written in black ink upon the Stamp of every genuine box of his Pills, and all others are spurious and worthless.

In case of difficulty in obtaining these Pills, a box will be sent postage paid by the Proprietor, on receipt of 14 postage stamps, to any part of the Kingdom. All should try them before parting with their Money for the trash so extensively puffed in the Newspapers.